MOTHER EARTH

Vol. V FEBRUARY, 1911 No. 12

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EMMA GOLDMAN - - - - PUBLISHER
ALEXANDER BERKMAN - - - EDITOR

Office: 55 West 28th Street, New York City

Price, 10 Cents per Copy **One Dollar per Year**

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL NEW YORK

MOTHER EARTH

Monthly Magazine Devoted to Social Science and Literature

Published Every 15th of the Month

EMMA GOLDMAN, Proprietor, 55 West 28th Street, New York, N. Y.
Entered as second-class matter April 9, 1906, at the post office at New York, N. Y.,
under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Vol. V **FEBRUARY, 1911** **No. 12**

THE DEATH SONG

By WILLIAM MORRIS.

What cometh here from West to East awending?
And who are these, the marchers stern and slow?
We bear the message that the rich are sending
Aback to those who bade them wake and know.
Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,
But one and all if they would dusk the day.

We asked them for a life of toilsome earning,
They bade us bide their leisure for our bread;
We craved to speak to tell our woful learning:
We come back speechless, bearing back our dead.

They will not learn; they have no ears to hearken.
They turn their faces from the eyes of fate;
Their gay-lit halls shut out the skies that darken.
But, lo! this dead man knocking at the gate.

Here lies the sign that we shall break our prison;
Amidst the storm he won a prisoner's rest;
But in the cloudy dawn the sun arisen
Brings us our day of work to win the best.
Not one, not one, nor thousands must they slay,
But one and all if they would dusk the day.

OBSERVATIONS AND COMMENTS

STILL darkness is triumphant. Intrenched behind ignorance and stupidity, for ages bred by priest and ruler, the enemies of mankind continue to tyrannize, oppress, and exploit. Still they dare to kill and murder, forever slaying the best and noblest of their time.

Yet not always with impunity. Now and then the lightning of the avenger strikes down the tyrant and sounds warning to the powerful and haughty of the coming storm. Gradually it is approaching. Slowly, all too slowly for the credit of humanity; but surely, inevitably.

Still darkness is triumphant. The vampires fatten on human blood and gloat over the agony of their victims. But the storm is nearing. The great unrest is leavening the masses; they are stirring, agitated, and the voice of discontent is growing louder, its volume is swelling, it is circling the West and the East, and striking a ready echo in the downtrodden and disinherited of both hemispheres.

The Orient is awakening. From the land of Islam to the confines of the Rising Sun sounds the cry of the discontented slave. The millions of wretched and starving are being roused from the sleep of centuries. Eagerly they listen to the prophet's voice, and the new gospel of life and liberty sheds light and hope into the night of the coolies.

Terror strikes the hearts of the masters. Their gory crimes point threatening fingers, and hands are lifted to strike down the injustice of the ages. Maddened by fear, the powers of darkness gather their forces to protect their iniquities. The prophets are slain, their voices silenced. For a while. In vain do Church and State light the stake. Nor priest nor ruler shall turn back the hand of Time. It moves, it moves, and the mountain peaks are aglow with the Dawn of To-Morrow.

Liberty forever triumphant.

* * *

THE monstrous crime of the Japanese government in assassinating our beloved comrades—Denjiro Kotoku, Sugano Kano, Dr. Oishi, and their noble associates—finds no parallel in modern history. Many and terrible are the black deeds committed by the powers of darkness, but it is doubtful whether any Western government, however tyrannous, would dare these days to resort to such cold-blooded murder as the secret assassination of the twelve Japanese revolutionaries.

The rulers of Japan have become "civilized": they have thoroughly grasped the methods of Occidental exploitation and oppression. Indeed, with the zeal of the new convert, the government of the Mikado has out-Heroded Herod. But the modern rulers of Nippon have ignored the lesson of Western history. It requires no prophetic vision to behold the rising Nemesis of a despoiled and outraged people.

* * *

THE best and noblest of mankind have been strangled by the ruthless hand of the barbarous Mikado masquerading in civilized dress. But in vain the hope thus to have stifled the aspirations of the people of Japan, inspired by the music of beautiful new ideas and world-conquering deeds. In vain the attempt to silence the voice of justice and liberty; in vain the hope of smothering the cry for bread and brotherhood.

The attempt has but drawn the eyes of the world to the fiendishness of civilized barbarism; has discovered to the West the terrible conditions in Japan with its growing popular discontent, and has carried far and wide the cry for emancipation of the hitherto dumb masses. And that cry has been heard by the revolutionary proletriat of the world. It has drawn their hearts the closer and united them the firmer in the common cause of international regeneration.

* * *

AS the judicial murder of our Chicago comrades added thousands to the ranks of social rebellion; as the assassination of Francisco Ferrer wafted the inspiration of his life and work to distant climes and peoples; as the blood of the martyrs has always proved the seed of the

Church, so will the slaying of our beloved comrades at Tokio mark the great day of Nippon's awakening to social-revolutionary consciousness.

November 11th, 1887;
October 13th, 1909;
January 24th, 1911—

these are the great days that will be treasured in the memory of the international proletariat as the most sacred moments of their emancipation.

* * *

THE radical elements of New York have paid fitting tribute to the memory of the Tokio martyrs. The mass meeting at Webster Hall was large and enthusiastic, the spirit of the resolutions worthy of the noble dead.

The street demonstration, following upon the meeting, was a spontaneous manifestation of the indignation and sorrow that filled the hearts of the audience. It was an inspiring sight: quietly they marched, three hundred men and women with black-draped banner, indifferent to the rain and wind, their souls aglow with the spirit of the martyred comrades.

Such deeds, such scenes ennoble man. In silent self-communion we rise to the heights where each pulse beats with the throb of the universal heart, and souls are attuned to the joy and pain of humanity.

Thus silently the men and women marched, unconscious of drizzling rain and rising wind. And then—the hand of the law suddenly fell upon them and waked them to man's inhumanity to man.

The harlots of the press strove to outdo each other in casting ridicule and derision upon the participants in the demonstration. But the lies and misrepresentations of the journalistic prostitutes utterly failed to minimize the effect of the remarkable manifestation. Indeed, the latter was but accentuated by the ill-concealed malice and fury of the newspaper hirelings. Consciously guilty of perverting the facts, they refused to accept the challenge of the writer, who offered to forfeit a substantial cash deposit if the press would adduce proof of its statements regarding the alleged attack of the demonstrants upon the police, the latter's great heroism, the capture of the banner, etc. The press ignored the challenge and

refused my offer to produce the flag which, according to the press reports, the police had borne off in triumph.

But it would be naïve to expect fair play or decency from the lackeys of Grub Street.

* * *

PRESIDENT TAFT'S explanation as to the reasons for pardoning Fred Warren was evidently not a labor of love. It smells strongly of perspiration. What a hard, laborious task it must have been for a man of Taft's avoirdupois to squirm through the wee little legal loophole in order to justify an unsolicited pardon.

The President alleges that he does not want to afford the editor of the *Appeal to Reason* an opportunity to become a martyr. But since when has Taft grown so solicitous regarding potential martyrs? Neither as anti-labor Judge nor as "pacifying" Governor of the Philippines did he manifest such peculiar considerations. Nor have his predecessors in office, or the Federal government, ever before evinced any disinclination to filll prisons and graves with martyrs to free thought, free speech, and free press.

The advisers of the President no doubt thought the pardon of Warren a great tactical triumph. In reality, however, the pardon—which Warren manfully refused to seek—is evidence of the growing fear of the ruling plutocracy because of the increasing numbers of the undesirables. It was considered good policy to placate them by the show of executive clemency.

The hypocrisy of the "pardon" is too apparent. Mercy dictated by fear is cowardice and a convincing sign of conscious weakness.

* * *

IT is pitiful to witness with what ease the public is hoodwinked and victimized, apparently to its own complete satisfaction.

Nathan Straus is a case in point. Even well-meaning persons, presumably of sound intelligence, look upon him as a noble benefactor of the people because of his efforts to "save the children of the poor" by supplying pasteurized milk at cheap rates.

Nathan Straus is dined and wined and proclaimed the greatest philanthropist of the age,—and the public applauds.

And yet this same public is familiar with the Janus face of the great benefactor who sacrifices his time and money to save poor babies from a premature grave—to save them for Macy's department store, where children of tender age are exploited in the most frightful manner, and where the salaries of the salesgirls are just sufficient to drive them to prostitution.

And Nathan Straus, the benefactor of poor children, is chief director of Macy's. He is an honorable man.

* * *

THE readers of MOTHER EARTH will kindly take notice that this issue completes the fifth year of the magazine. As most of the subscriptions expire with this number, we call the attention of our friends to the necessity of renewing their subscriptions at the earliest possible date. They will thus materially assist our efforts in maintaining MOTHER EARTH.

Our new address is: 55 West 28th St., New York.

FREEDOM

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Men! whose boast it is that ye
Come of fathers brave and free,
If there breathe on earth a slave,
Are you truly free and brave?
If you do not feel the chain,
When it works a brother's pain,
Are ye not base slaves indeed,
Slaves unworthy to be freed?

LONG LIVE ANARCHY!

The greatest men of a nation are those whom it puts to death.
Ernest Renan.

THE black deed is done. The best and noblest of the people have fallen, murdered in the most fiendish and barbaric manner.

A crime, unparalleled in atrocity, has been committed on January twenty-fourth, nineteen hundred and eleven. A terrible blow has been dealt humanity, and the gauntlet thrown in the face of civilization. Ruthless barbarism cold-bloodedly strangled the heroic pioneers of a new idea and gloated over the agony of its helpless victims.

Yet we mourn not. Rather is it our task to discover to the world the innocence and purity, the honesty and faithfulness, the self-sacrifice and devotion of our murdered comrades. We mourn not: our friends have achieved immortality.

A new epoch has struck for Japan with the date of their martyrdom. When the era of Mikado Mutsuhito shall have passed from man's memory, when *bushido* is but a fable and a myth, the names of the martyred Anarchists will be glorified on the pages of human progress. When the members of the *Daishinin,* who delivered the noblest of mankind into the hangman's hands, shall have been long forgotten, the martyrs of Tokio will be respected and admired by future generations.

The revolutionary movement in the Orient has received its baptism of blood. The barbaric rulers think to have eradicated the movement for emancipation. What stupidity! They have destroyed the bodies of twelve representatives of the new, world-conquering idea, and silenced other representatives in the dungeons; but the spirit lives! That spirit, the eternal cry for liberty,—it is not to be silenced, it cannot be killed. It was, it is, and will be. Conquering it marches onward, ever onward, toward liberty and life.

Long live Anarchy! The historic cry has found its echo in the Far East. Often it has resounded, from the lips of the martyrs of Chicago, Paris, Buenos Ayres, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Barcelona, and numerous other places. For decades it has been terrifying the tyrants and oppressors of every land. They have tortured, be-

DENJIRO KOTOKU

headed, electrocuted, quartered, shot, and strangled the pioneers of the new idea. But their voices have not been silenced.

Long live Anarchy! On the twenty-fourth of January the cry once more rang from the lips of twelve new martyrs. The solidarity of the international proletariat has been crowned. The West and the East have found each other.

Proudly and joyfully our comrades faced death. *Long live Anarchy!* cried Denjiro Kotoku. *Banzai* (i. e. forever) replied his companions in struggle and death.

They were very dear to us. We mourn not; yet our hearts are saddened at the thought of the charming Sugano. Lovingly we dwell upon her memory. We see the tender lotos ruthlessly destroyed by the hand of the hangman; we behold her, weakened through illness, broken by long imprisonment, yet joyfully and calmly meeting her terrible doom. *I have lived for liberty and will die for liberty, for liberty is my life.* Thus she wrote but recently to her English teacher in San Francisco.

SUGANO KANO

Gentle Sugano! You, the daughter of a Samurai, daughter of a member of your country's Parliament, talented author and writer, you went, like your Russian sisters, into the people, voluntarily exposing yourself to danger, hardships, and hunger. They have sought to besmirch your character and name. The representatives of a Mutsuhito, himself leading a life of polygamy; his son, the heir apparent, offspring of a concubine; the lackeys of Premier Katsura, who chose the daughter of a brothel keeper for his wife,—all these honorable men have sought to besmirch you, lovely lotos flower, because of your friendship for Denjiro Kotoku.

What contemptible scoundrels! But some day there will arise a Turgeniev in the land of Nippon, and the name of Sugano Kano will be hailed with the Sophia Perovskaias, the Vera Figners, and Maria Spiridonovas.

In Denjiro Kotoku the international movement has lost one of its noblest representatives. He was the pioneer of Socialist and Anarchist thought in the Far East. His numerous translations—Karl Marx's *Capital,* Peter

Kropotkin's *Mütual Aid, Conquest of Bread, Fields, Factories, and Workshops,* and *Appeal to the Young,* as well as of other modern works—have accomplished the *real* opening of Japan to Western civilization.

Denjiro Kotoku was, next to Tolstoy, the severest opponent of war; and—like Hervé—a most courageous, uncompromising propagator of anti-militarist ideas. While the patriotic jingoes celebrated, during the Russo-Japanese war, orgies of wholesale man-killing, Kotoku was engaged in exposing the murderous business by his brilliant articles in the *Yorozu-Choho*. But the voice of the prophet was lost in the wilderness. Like Victor Hugo, Mazzini, Blanqui, Bakunin, Marx, and scores of other pioneers of liberty before him, he was forced to flee his native land, to live in exile at San Francisco, and here, in the land of Patrick Henry, Thomas Paine, and Jefferson, he was to suffer new persecutions at the hands of the government of Washington. O shame, O disgrace!

Denjiro Kotoku, Sugano Kano, Dr. Oishi, and their comrades legally assassinated; these, the noblest and most intelligent of their people: writers, physicians, representatives of pure Buddhist philosophy of human brotherhood, and awakened, intellectual proletarians,—these are the men slaughtered in the hope of annihilating every vestige of modern world-thought.

Great, brave men. Lovingly and tenderly we peruse over again an old letter from Dr. Oishi, a reader of MOTHER EARTH. In strong, clear English he sends greetings to his American comrades and requests Anarchist literature for distribution among his countrymen. The much beloved, genial physician of Shingo-Key, bringing cheer and relief to the thousands of sick and afflicted. His only reward, the gallows.

Our eyes have at last been opened to the true character of the government of the Mikado. We know now the infamous conspiracy hatched by the Japanese government. We realize the full significance of the atrocious plot. We can follow to their source the false reports, misrepresentations, and lies put in circulation by Reuter's Agency, the Japanese Ambassadors and Consuls, and especially by the Oriental Information Bureau of New York. The mysterious Oriental veil has been partly

lifted. The civilized world is now aware that the trial of our martyred comrades was conducted in secret; that the accused were deprived of impartial hearing or defence; that the claim that they had confessed their guilt was pure fabrication; and that, finally, the official statement regarding the presence at the trial of the members of foreign embassies was also absolutely false.

The trial of Francisco Ferrer was ideal justice in comparison with this judicial wholesale slaughter. Since the days of the Dekabrists in Russia humanity has witnessed no crime so monstrous, so monumental as that committed by the government of Japan.

The rulers of Japan have succeeded in accomplishing one thing. They have drawn upon themselves the hatred of the libertarian elements of every country, who will join hands with the awakening proletariat of Japan in the great work of social emancipation.

The massacre has not only made our comrades martyrs; it has made them immortal. Out of their blood will rise new rebels, avengers who will sweep off the face of the earth the murderers and their institutions.

Long live Anarchy! HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

BARBAROUS JAPAN*

By F. SAKO.

IN the January number of MOTHER EARTH Comrade Havel has given, in detail, the barbarous condition in the Island Empire. Now I want to add some more in regard to the trial of Denjiro Kotoku and comrades.

Kotoku and the others were arrested last Fall on the charge of conspiracy, but the police could not get any trace at all. But Keishicho, the police station of Tokio, had manufactured some evidence, using police spies and agents provocateurs, and placed the condemned under the special court, not the supreme court. Under the special court they have no chance of appeal; the trial was not open to the public, excepting for fifteen minutes on the first day of trial, Dec. 10th, but no more. The

*Written for MOTHER EARTH by a countryman of Denjiro Kotoku.

court was guarded by a hundred policemen and armed soldiers. They had their attorneys appointed by the government and were sentenced to death on the 10th of January.

I want to relate a brief statement. When they were arrested it had to be made clear if they could plan such plot against the Mikado or not.

Kotoku was arrested at Hakone, sixty miles from Tokio, where he stayed only a few weeks to write a book. When he was in Tokio, policemen always watched and followed him, and his mail was confiscated or opened secretly by the police. So that under the circumstances, he—no, I say anybody—couldn't plan any sort of plot or any secret communication or publication.

Kotoku, as those who knew him personally like Albert Johnson, of San Francisco; Leon Fleischman, of Pasadena; and many Japanese in San Francisco and in Japan know that he was kind-hearted and gentle and would not have hurt a fly.

When the Russo-Japanese war broke out, he was dismissed from the leading daily paper in Japan, for writing articles denouncing the Mikado for declaring war against Russia, as he was a firm believer in abolition of war. After that, he established a weekly paper *Heimin,* a Socialist paper, together with his friends, Prof. Abe of Waseda University; Sakai, who was also editor of *Mancho;* and S. Katayama, the leading Socialist in Japan. This paper was suppressed by imperial authority, and Kotoku was sent to jail for four months.

After that he came to San Francisco, where he endeavored energetically to do propaganda work among the Japanese youth and several hundreds have been converted to Socialism and Anarchism.

Since returning to Japan, he translated *Conquest of Bread,* by Kropotkin, but the authorities prohibited to sell it; also he published a paper, *Free Thought,* and a magazine, *Our Proletariat.* Both of these were suppressed by Premier Katsura, and Kotoku was arrested.

Dr. S. Oishi, a physician, educated in America, was in his native place Shingu, Wakayama, four hundred miles from Tokio, and there are no conveniences of railway. Oishi is well known among his native townspeople as a wealthy Socialist, and admired by the poor as a sage.

His cousin Stevens Oishi is now studying at Boston. Two Buddhist priests at Shingu were also arrested.

How could they plan any sort of a revolution or conspiracy under those circumstances, with all mail confiscated and secret policemen always following them whether they were in Tokio or in any other place.

U. Morichika was agricultural engineer at the Okayama Prefecture, and lived at Okayama, five hundred miles from Tokio. Some other associates were in Kumamoto, where they published the *Kumamoto Review,* seven hundred miles from Tokio, and all were under the same circumstances regarding police and mail. Now the Americans, though they did not know exactly the situation of modern thinkers in Japan, will have clear notion of how the Japanese government tries to suppress Socialism and Anarchism.

Not only Kotoku and his associates, but also S. Katayama, Kosen Sakai, Nishikawa, Kinoshita, were threatened by the government and commanded to give up their propaganda or get into jail; so they were compelled to change their way of writing into ordinary problems, as religion and pure literature. Prof. Abe of Waseda University also was threatened by the authorities, and now he is endeavoring in the way of social reforms. We have no liberty of press and speech in Japan at all, in any way.

Did ever America or any European country prohibit the publication of *Conquest of Bread,* or *Fields, Factories and Workshops?*

Magazines and papers of any kind of radical thought, especially on Socialism and Anarchism, are prohibited. When such publications become known to the authorities, the editor is sent to jail for one year or more. All printed matter from foreign countries is opened in the mails and examined by the authorities; even letters, thus breaking International Postal agreement.

I earnestly hope the friends of humanity will understand now the barbarous conduct of Japan, which is really a direct and powerful challenge to modern thought; and they must know that though Japan calls herself a civilized nation, she is an aristocratic, arbitrary monarchy.

At the end of this letter I have to give you a terrible and pathetic story in connection with the trial of Kotoku.

Kotoku's mother, seventy years old, came from her native province of Kochi-Tosa, to see her only son. Shortly before the close of the trial she was permitted to interview him in the presence of the authorities. The aged woman addressed her son stoically and urged him to face death like a Samurai, the ancient warrior.

The interview was brief, being confined to the admonition to her son to be brave, and she did not drop any tear. He did not reply, and the mother returned home, where she died two days later. After the final hearing in court, Kotoku was shown a telegram telling him of his mother's death. Thus the so-called civilized nation committed murders in the presence of the world.

When the sentence had been pronounced all the condemned cried *Banzai! Long live Anarchy!*

Thus the Francisco Ferrer of Japan will be hanged in a few days.

* * *

KOTOKU DEMONSTRATIONS

THE terrible crime of the Japanese government—the judicial murder of Denjiro Kotoku and comrades—has roused the unqualified indignation of the libertarian elements all over the world. Throughout Europe, as well as in America, the conscience of humanity has been voiced in condemnation of the brutality and barbarism of the government of Japan and its atrocious, inhuman methods.

Progressive elements, without distinction of race or party, revolutionists, radicals, intellectual proletarians,—all joined hands in protest against the governmental assassination of the twelve Japanese Anarchists and Socialists. Everywhere the challenge to humanity has been taken up by the progressive elements: Free Mason lodges of Switzerland and France, members of medical societies, trade unions and syndicalist organizations met on common ground and unanimously condemned the judicial murders, thus proclaiming the solidarity of the international proletariat.

In America, the largest and most significant indignation meeting took place in New York, Sunday, January

29, at Webster Hall. The mass meeting, called by the Kotoku Protest Conference, (representing various radical and labor organizations) was attended by over two thousand people who voiced the sentiments of the revolutionary proletariat in the following resolutions:

"Whereas, Dr. Denjiro Kotoku and eleven of his comrades have been legally assassinated by the Japanese government; and

"Whereas, The only crime of these comrades was the effort to disseminate scientific thought among their people to the end of creating a movement for the overthrow of a social system that breeds misery and degradation for the workers, the charge of 'conspiring against the throne and person of the Emperor' being false and unproven; and

"Whereas, This incident is one of many incidents of a similar nature, it having a close relation to the so-called trial and legal assassination of Francisco Ferrer;

"Resolved, First, that we, the workingmen of New York, in memorial demonstration assembled, condemn emphatically the brutality and barbarism of the Japanese government and give it notice that the international revolutionary movement will avenge the death of the Japanese and other martyrs to the cause of social progress by the abolition of class rule and despotism; and,

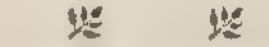
"Resolved, That we express our appreciation and admiration of the intrepidly noble work of Dr. Denjiro Kotoku and his comrades and pledge ourselves vigorously to carry forward the emancipatory struggle for which they were assassinated."

The Webster Hall meeting closed with a street demonstration, during which four men and one woman were arrested. One of the prisoners was discharged in the Night Court, while the woman was fined $10.00, which was paid. The other three comrades were thrown into prison, where they were held till released by friends on $500 bail, each. They are now facing trial at the Court of Special Sessions.

In view of this situation, the Defence Committee of the Kotoku Protest Conference is appealing to all friends of justice and liberty to aid in organizing a fund for the defence of our indicted comrades and also for the purpose of sending financial assistance to the many vic-

tims of Japanese reaction who are incarcerated at Tokio. Their families, hounded by the detectives of the Mikado and denied the right to work, are without the means of subsistence. Their many comrades are in a similar plight. Shall we allow them to starve?

Contributions are to be sent to the Treasurer of the Defence Committee, ALEXANDER BERKMAN, 210 E. 13th St., New York.



PIETRO GORI

By PEDRO ESTEVE.*

AT Porto Ferraio, Italy, there passed away on the eighth of January one of Anarchism's most cherished sons. Between six and seven in the morning of that day that apostle of wisdom and benevolence, Pietro Gori, then only forty-one years of age, gave his last breath for his comrades, begging one of them to receive for all a kiss.

To know him was to love him. He spent his life, not on himself as he might have done, but in behalf of enslaved humanity, inspiring the people with his words, both spoken and written, cheering them with his songs, and entertaining them with his verse.

Born and reared in the leisurely class, he ran away from home at an early age, to become engulfed in the confused and obscure elements of the laboring masses, bringing with him refreshing breezes of revolt. Privileged to reside in palaces, he lodged with the poor, endured incarceration for the workingmen, and in various countries suffered persecution and exile. Not once did he cater to the vicious whims of tyranny and oppression. From the age of eighteen, when he was prosecuted for the first time, until the day of his death, his life forms an uninterrupted epic. He never rested a moment.

In Italy, in Switzerland, in England, in North and South America, in Egypt even, wherever driven by persecution or carried in scientific research, Gori sought and found a way to inculcate into the minds of men ideas that would regenerate them and make their hearts beat fervently with sympathy for their fellow unfor-

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* The Spanish MS. translated for MOTHER EARTH by M. H. Woolman.

tunates and with hatred for cruel and selfish oppressors. Now by sketches, comedies, dramas, operas; now by the aid of cinemetograph pictures; now speaking fiery words, ever ready and witty, or accompanying his revolutionary songs with his guitar—no matter where Gori happened to be, he scattered treasures of learning and good-will, his eagerness to uplift the toilers never abating.

In the United States—and he wandered over the whole country—there is no place where he stopped but what he is remembered; some have possibly forgotten the ideas he propagated; none has forgotten him, so good-natured and attractive was he. He traversed this country under circumstances which no one else has braved. To go to any place, large or small, he needed no companion, known or unknown; nor was it necessary that there be organized groups. Upon arrival he merely inquired where the laborers were accustomed to congregate, and there he went with his guitar under his arm. With them he drank, chatted, sang, and then played on the guitar; and when he had succeeded in surrounding himself with a considerable number, he invited the men to listen to one of his *chiaccherata* in which, for two, three, or more hours he poured forth in his eloquent voice thundering imprecations, ideas that ennobled, thoughts that were sublime. He was not a mere rhymer of phrases, but the living poet of social revolution.

Will anyone imagine from what I have stated that Gori sought out the humble because only amongst them could he show his greatness? Ah, no! Above all, he was the humblest among the humble. Only in midst of the haughty did he lay himself out and show himself off in his true greatness. Universities, like the one in Buenos Ayres, have thrown wide their doors to him, although knowing that he would never mince his language; research societies have commended to him explorations of a scientific nature, and governments have placed fleets at his disposal to carry out such projects, and to him the greatest intellects of the world have paid tribute and respect.

The people's knight errant is no more. But his works and his memory remain. Let us help to realize the ideals for which he struggled (for they are ours as well as his)

by circulating his works, and let us point him out to the present and the future generations as a resplendent mirror in which to see themselves.

❧ ❧ ❧

ON THE TRAIL

WHOEVER fashioned Pittsburg must have used hell as his model. But there is one consolation for the inhabitants of that woe-begotten place. If they survive they will have grown immune to anything hell may have in store for them.

Black and hideous as the clouds of smoke that gush forth from the thousand-mouthed American melting pot, Pittsburg is indeed a place where things are done that neither Son of God nor son of man may look upon. The entry into this modern Inferno is never a particular joy; but on the morning of our arrival everything seemed grayer and dirtier than usual, owing to the penetrating drizzling rain which lasted during our entire stay.

My faithful friend, Mrs. Nunia Seldes, had spared no efforts to advertize the meetings by the distribution of our cards. But the bad weather and the announcement of a debate between a Socialist and myself had an unsatisfactory effect upon our meetings.

The Jewish lecture, which usually attracts a large audience, was partly frustrated by petty jealousies of certain Pittsburgers who pose as Socialists. In their eagerness to rob "the devil of his prey," they invited a speaker for the same night and circulated the rumor that I would not lecture.

The most significant part of the debate was the cowardice of the Labor Temple people who had rented their hall to the Allegheny Local only to back out at the last minute. Instead of insisting upon their right to the hall, our Socialistic friends acquiesced, as behooves true revolutionists. Fortunately, another hall was secured and was filled to the limit of its capacity on the evening of the debate.

My opponent, Mr. Ruppel, was recommended as "the best informed member of the Local," which merely goes to prove that among the blind the one-eyed is king. I fear Mr. Ruppel has read too much for his mental digestion. But he is young yet, so may the kind fairies for-

give him his sins, even if he knows not what conclusions to draw from the books he has read. In one thing, however, Mr. Ruppel is quite like his elders in the Socialist party; namely in the repetition of the hackneyed ghost stories about Anarchists and Anarchism. "Bakunin organized riots and manufactured bombs. * * * Louise Michel advocated the necessity of throwing the workers in front of the guns. * * * Kropotkin,—well, he is but a dreamer who doesn't count at all. * * * Berkman attempted the life of Frick out of fun, to strengthen plutocracy," and so forth.

In justice to a large number of Mr. Ruppel's comrades, present in the audience, it must be said that they were quite disgusted with Mr. Ruppel. Thus ended the debate with "the best informed member" of the Allegheny Local. Its redeeming feature was the chairman, also young, but very fair-minded and evidently far abler than my opponent in the debate.

I was glad to leave Pittsburg, although it is always hard for me to part with my dear friends, Nunia and George Seldes.

Cleveland is like a faithful friend: it never fails. This time the success was considerably increased through the aid of Fred Schulder, Adeline Champney, John Jacobs, and some of our Jewish comrades. Two large and splendid audiences filled the meetings, affording our champion literature-man a golden opportunity to dispose of his wares.

The crowning effect in Cleveland, though, was the Jewish meeting. Though the latter was arranged by only one comrade, and for a Monday, a large crowd received me with the usual intense Semitic warmth, which always makes the Trail less difficult.

Columbus is one more city where, within the last three years, police interference has been overcome. Four years ago I was gagged in the usual, senseless police manner: the halls were closed, no meetings could take place, and that was the end, except for a friend I had gained in Mr. Linton, a true rebel and fighter, who has repeatedly tried to get me a hearing,—always in vain.

It remained for the energetic Ben Reitman to tame the shrew with the result that for the first time, since

Albert Parsons' death, the voice of an Anarchist was again heard in Columbus.

The important event in that city, however, was not the free speech victory, nor the large attendance, nor even the fact that forty-one female University students, beside many of their co-eds and Professors, attended. The real event was the marching of nearly a thousand miners from the Convention of the United Mine Workers to our hall, in protest against the stupidity of some of their leaders and of the authorities. The city was crowded with delegates to the Convention, among them being quite a large number of men who had met me years before, during my tour through the mining districts. They were eager to have me speak from the Convention floor.

The proposition was, however, defeated when first introduced by the conservative element. It was again brought up in the afternoon session, and carried. In the evening I received the following letter from the Secretary of the U. M. W.:

DEAR MADAM:

Pursuant to the action of our Convention you are hereby cordially invited to address the delegates of the United Mine Workers of America at 10 o'clock a. m. tomorrow, January 19th, in session at Memorial Hall.

Subsequent to this action of our Convention, notice was served on us by the custodian that before addressing the delegation it will be necessary to get permission from the County Commissioners; otherwise you would not be allowed. I would suggest that you have Mr. Reitman take this matter up with the Commissioners and avoid any complications or unpleasantness which might ensue if you undertook to deliver an address without permission of the Commissioners.

However, I assure you that as far as our Convention is concerned there would be no objection.

Very truly yours,
EDWIN PERRY,
Secretary-Treasurer, U. M. W. of A.

P. S.—Have just been advised by the Custodian that the Commissioners refuse to allow you to speak under any circumstances to-morrow morning at the Memorial Hall.

When our staunch friends were informed of the ruse to prevent my speaking, they decided unanimously to march to the hall which we had secured; but first they would go to Memorial Hall, where the Convention was holding its sessions.

And then the most ingenious thing happened. The custodians of Memorial Hall shut their doors, not only to me, but to all the delegates, which action had a more rousing effect than anything I might have said. Even those who had been opposed to me felt outraged and joined the march to our place.

I was introduced by one of the delegates, E. S. McCullough, himself a most wonderful speaker, and received by the workers with great enthusiasm. But to me the most gratifying aspect was the genuine response of the delegates to the necessity of the General Strike as the only effective weapon at labor's command.

The curse of American unionism is not the indifference of the workers, but the reactionary leadership. O for a Pelloutier, a Pouget, or an Yvetôt in America—those Samsons of the syndicalist movement: the ranks of the workers would soon be cleared from the poisonous elements.

I shall forever cherish the experience with the miners in Columbus as one of the great moments in my public life.

Indianapolis was another red letter town. Police arrogance and brutal intimidation was turned into victory for free speech and Anarchism. After one Chief, two years ago, had set the precedent, the new Tsar of the Indianapolis police department hoped to sail in smooth waters. The ukase went forth that Emma Goldman must not speak. Thereupon a free speech campaign was started by the irrepressible Ben with the aid of a few splendid spirits in Indianapolis, the main workers being Thomas F. Snyder, Katherine Snyder, and Evangeline Bessenberg, the latter doing most of the correspondence to arouse people. And they *were* aroused, in quarters least expected. Thus Mr. Meredith Nicholson, the author, William Hapgood, and a great many others came to the rescue of free speech. Rev. Weaks, of the Unitarian Church, made a strong plea, but subsequently proved that he was not ready to substantiate words by deeds.

The Dictator of Indianapolis was forced to withdraw the order, but the policeman's soul was not at rest, and Chief Hyland got after the hall keepers. "No, he does not order them not to rent their halls, but he'd rather they would not." What hall keeper would not oblige

the Chief? At any rate, not a hall for any consideration. We had almost given up in despair, when the great miracle happened. An orthodox preacher, Rev. Nelson of the Pentecost Tabernacle, offered his church, and the first meeting was held. I cannot say that it was a pleasant experience, but that was not the fault of Mr. Nelson. Although he gave a thousand explanations as to why Emma Goldman could speak in his church, it was nevertheless very brave of him to open his pulpit to such a heathen; much braver than the liberal Christian gentlemen who feared to face adverse public comment. But as Ibsen so aptly said, "the Liberals are the worst foes of free men."

The Pentecost Tabernacle meeting had its good effect. Rev. Adams, of the Universalist Church, followed suit. The place was packed with a most interesting audience, such as Indianapolis has probably rarely gathered in one place. Mr. Adams impressed me as by far the superior of the two Reverends. Simple, bold, and very human, he showed splendid taste in leaving God to his throne. Instead, he spoke in a very eloquent manner on the pressing issues amongst men, and especially upon the very vital issue of free speech and the growing tendency of the police to establish a reign of terror, which he repudiated with all the strength of his being. His remarks, as well as the atmosphere of the occasion, were refreshing indeed.

The Trail to Indianapolis seemed hard and uphill, but it has helped us to the broad open road that holds out the promise of future conquests.

I cannot close this chapter of my Odyssey without mentioning a few minor, but by no means unimportant, experiences. A good meeting in Elyria, O., arranged by Comrade Reinbach; a small meeting in Dayton, not quite successfully managed by our well-intentioned friend, Ernest Marks; compartively small but satisfactory gatherings at Cincinnati, and two meetings in our old stand-by, Toledo. Thus closed three eventful weeks on the Trail.

Now comes Detroit, and then Chicago, with lectures February 12th-20th, at Hod Carriers' Hall. Thence to St. Louis, for the week beginning February 26th. In the

early part of March we are due in the Socialist strongholds: Madison, Wis., and Minneapolis, Minn.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

* * *

DISCUSSION AT MEETINGS

By BOLTON HALL.

IN reply to Voltairine de Cleyre's question as to whether questions and discussion after our meetings are a blessing or not, I may say that my own rather extensive experience convinces me that a meeting of fifty with the "free forum" is better worth while than a meeting of two hundred and fifty without it.

The questions are often pointless and the discussions irrelevant or silly: but the audience, or at least the best part of the audience, the part that we really aim at, sizes them up pretty well.

Questions are asked in bad faith and "discussion" used to ring in ill-balanced views; but those arouse antagonism to the speakers and to their twaddle that would otherwise be directed against us. The propagandist questioner is not often convinced, but if the speaker asks frequently, "Is that answer satisfactory?" it brings out good feeling and real questions, and those who listen to questions they would have liked to ask but for timidity or reticence are often converted.

Beecher said that "the real meeting is around the stove after the benediction," and the open forum is our best substitute. Certainly it is the most interesting part of most meetings. Many a meeting gets newspaper notice through the buffoon speaker from the audience, whom we regarded as a nuisance, which would otherwise be passed over in silence.

The papers which seize upon such speeches for misrepresentation would probably find something else to misrepresent were it not for the buffoon. Anyhow, almost anything is better than silence.

THE ANARCHIST SAYINGS OF ARISTIDE BRIAND

Arranged by GUY A. ALDRED.

"AT the time of a General Strike there will be in the French army in great numbers, sons, brothers, and other relations of the striking workers. When the soldier,—who serves his term far away from the home where he has left a workman's family behind him,—is commanded to fire on the strikers, he might easily reflect: 'They order me to fire on these workers, whom they represent to me as enemies. But the soldiers of those regiments which are garrisoned near my home, are ordered, perhaps at this very hour, to fire on my own father or brother, or one of my own nearest friends!' And then, if the authorities uphold the order to fire, if the officer in command, unrelentingly, would yet force the will of the soldier, when the latter is so full of doubts and troubles—ah then! very likely the guns would go off, but not in the ordered direction! Is not this possibility of weakening the army in the hands of the capitalists a convincing argument for the idea of the General Strike?" —*Speech at the Paris Congress, 1899.*

"Reflect! Would you not be indignant at the thought that a child of yours might be brought before a court-martial because he had hesitated to fire on women? Would you be proud to know that one of your sons had run his bayonet into the body of a child?"—*Ibid.*

"There is not a government nor despot on the face of the earth who would dare to declare war if they could not depend upon the ignorance and indifference of the people furthering their man-murdering plans,—if the signal for war would give the signal for rebellion!"—*Ibid.*

"Go to the battle with pikes, sabres, and guns! Far from keeping you back, I regard it as my duty to take my place amongst you."—*Speech at Nantes Trade Union Congress, 1894.*

"It is said that the General Strike is a Utopia, a swindle! No; it is the flag that is destined to lead us to victory. It is a social weapon against the entire capitalist order of society."—*Ibid.*

"'We must make use of the ballot-box,' some of you

will say. Quite right! I am no opponent of the ballot-paper. But on the day when universal suffrage becomes a nuisance and a menace to the governing class, they will do away with it. And in an emergency they will even have the workers shot down."*—*Ibid.*

"If the government means, through the play of its laws, to regulate or to arrest, in its course, an evolution,—which is conditioned by economical necessity and often mocks all presupposition,—it is preparing for itself a bitter disappointment. It dreams about founding a harmony between capital and labor,—a dream that is as futile as the search for the philosopher's stone or perpetual motion. This social harmony can only be created by the destruction of the exploitation of man by man, by the overthrow of the wage system,—by the coming of the Liberating Communism!"—*La Lanterne, 21 June, 1901.*

"In general, history proves that the people have never obtained anything except what they have taken, or could have taken, themselves. This is also true of every particular case. How many stations are there on the road to the Liberation of Humanity that are not marked by pools of blood? Even apart from the periods of revolutions, it is always under the effect of menace,—through a successful intimidation,—that improvements in the condition of the people—step by step—have been granted. The power of persuasion, even when combined with that of circumstances, cannot suffice to dictate laws to the bourgeois class. And besides, were these laws created would there be any security that they would be applied, if the sanction for their existence did not exist in the

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* Amongst those who have lived to act as capitalist statesmen anxious to verify the truth of these statements is M. Briand himself. This fact should be a warning to those Industrialists who are willing to help men like Tom Mann to get into the English Parliament. Men who realize the futility of the ballot are ringing insincere changes on words when they profess not to oppose the ballot-paper. It is an overt confession of place-hunting, an open expression of a desire to be sent to Congress or Parliament only to betray the interests of the workers. Compromise with Congress or Parliament is a slippery incline upon which no true interpreter of working-class aspirations will consent to enter.

G. A. A.

firmly founded and permanent revolutionary strength of the organized proletariat?"—*Speech for the Defence Before the Jury at Yonne, 1903.*

An interesting comment upon these Anarchist Sayings of the French Premier is to be found in his open repudiation of the necessity for a constitutional control of the government. The fact that this repudiation has been openly supported by the international capitalist press serves to emphasize the truth of his 1894 declaration that whenever universal suffrage becomes a menace to the security of the capitalist class, they would repudite it. It also supports his contention—in the passage quoted from the 1903 speech—that the only guarantee of the permanence of any laws benefiting the workers is to be found in "the firmly founded and revolutionary strength of the organized proletariat." In this light it is worth while reproducing the following passage from his speech in the Chamber of Deputies, on October 29th, 1910, made in defence of the attitude he adopted with reference to the then recently suppressed French Railway Strike:

"If the government had not found in the law a possibility of defending the existence of the nation when the country was in danger, if we could not have protected the frontier line of France by legal methods, then, gentlemen, we would have assured the running of the railways which are necessary to France's defence, by methods which are illegal. It would have been our duty."

Thus Briand, the renegade and capitalist Premier, has given practical proof of the truth of the contentions of Briand, the Socialist syndicalist.

ANARCHISM—The philosophy of a new social order based on liberty unrestricted by man-made law; the theory that all forms of government rest on violence, and are therefore wrong and harmful, as well as unnecessary.

ECONOMY AS VIEWED BY AN ANARCHIST

By C. L. JAMES.

(*Continuation.*)

II. We have spoken so far only about the exchange and value of products. But we remarked at the very outset that sundry things which can be sold (exchanged) and therefore have a Value, are not products. Of such things there is evidently no supply, according to our definition of Supply; and the definition, though novel, will justify itself by harmony with common language. The valuable non-products mentioned previously are slaves, land, accounts, some of which are represented by paper acknowledgments and guarantees, finally privileges of monopoly; but analysis shows that, excepting accounts for work, they are all really privileges of monopoly, and do not consist in material objects, as land or slaves, but, where there is any such object, only in a claim upon it. Claims are what they, valuable property, not product, really are; and if not for labor done, they are claims having the nature of monopoly. Among these things, slaves, or rather the right to them, are the only species of which even an "orthodox" economist, using the loose language of his carelessly constructed science, would talk about a supply.[10] He would acknowledge there

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[10]Because a slave, though not truly a labor-product, is more like one than land or other valuable non-products. To make an American slave of an African savage certainly did require labor. To feed a negro baby up to the time it became fit for work was to establish a very plausible right to its labor during a considerable period afterwards. By such operations, also, the number of slaves could be increased, as the amount of land cannot—what the "orthodox" economist would probably have in view when speaking of their "supply." Slaves, however, are not labor-products. To enslave à man by actual force is not to increase, but lessen his utility. To do so by the threat of force has a similar, though less decided, effect:

> "Jove fixed it certain that whatever day
> Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."

And to raise a slave-baby at one's own expense is what nobody did. It was done at expense of other slaves. As to increasing the number of slaves in such ways, observe that the "supply," like the "wealth" supposed to be in slaves, is only a distribution,

is no supply of Land. This deficiency of any supply for an article of which there is such lively demand, gives rise to a curious, hydra-headed, often very mischievous, but still very common delusion—the delusion that the value of land is, or should be, *infinite*. This is what makes people so hungry for land, and occasions the existence of "land-paupers." It crops out in innumerable crank financial schemes, of which some extraordinary examples are preserved in Macaulay's *History*. It deeply misled Henry George. It pervaded the various fallacies of John Law, who was not, as those who know nothing about him suppose, a charlatan, but a financier of considerable merit—chief discoverer of the great truths that credit is just as good a medium of exchange as money, and that it goes further. But if we bear in mind that value varies as the demand to its own excess over the supply, we shall see that in these cases where there is no supply, value varies as demand itself.

12. The Cost of anything is the gross labor consumed in causing it to exist—Supply being the net; thus the cost of grain after a bad harvest may be the same as after a good, but the supply is less. Where there is no supply, then, there is no cost. But there may be cost and supply, where there is no product. There is a supply of unproductive labor,—singing, acting, teaching, preaching, fighting, etc.—and such labor has a cost, being itself brought into being (ordinarily) by payment in other labor or products of other labor. Observe, then, that the Cost of *labor itself* is not *prima facie* the same thing as its value—much less its utility. The value of labor is measured, like the value of labor products, and of non-products, such as Land, by the ratio of Demand, or labor offered for it, to excess of such Demand over the supply, or labor available to meet the Demand. Accordingly the value goes up with the scarcity—the labor of a Nilson is great because Nilsons are few;—and with the Demand—the labor of a Socrates, though posterity es-

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not a substantial entity, and for this reason, even in so delusive a case, there is no real supply, according to the radical sense of that term, as popularly used.

teem it more useful[11] than that of a great singer, has no value, owing to lack of Demand. It is repaid only with the hemlock cup. But the Cost of Labor has an obvious measure—labor-time—which is quite independent both of the utility and the value. It is well to pause upon this for a moment, because here many people—mostly Socialists and would-be labor reformers—fall into grotesque errors. They say the man who ditches ten hours a day all his life ought to be paid more than the man who spends ten minutes in finding a diamond and ascertaining that it is one. Perhaps he "ought"; but certainly not on the ground taken. It is not the ten minutes of finding, but the many years of seeking which makes the wages of him who finds a Koh-i-nor enormous. Before ridiculing the ignorance shown in such reasoning, however, let us be sure that we rightly understand this weighty question "What is the Cost of Labor?" The Utility of labor is metaphysically incommensurable. The Value of labor varies with the kind: and this may perhaps be always, when such or such labor has any value,—what it certainly is in some cases,—because the services of skilled labor are scarce; which again is owing to the fact that the skilled laborer's toil is not measured by hours of employment, but by years of preparation. However, given that I want a certain amount of work done—a ditch dug, wall built, field plowed, or anything else,—I am the person whose will causes the work to be done: for which reason I am very properly and commonly said to do it; though another does it with his own hands: then the Cost of the labor means the labor which, in that case I must give, directly, or as product, to have the job done. And how much is that? The example of international trade has shown us that, under the deductive economist's favorite assumed condition of free competition—which nowhere else exists—I must give as much labor as I get. It is also stated by the Brassey Bros., contractors who have employed labor all over the world, that though free competition does not exist,

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[11]Popularly, Science knows that, as above stated, utility is subjective, and does not admit of being measured.

the cost of labor, in this sense, is everywhere the same. The cash value of labor (called by economists Nominal Wages) may be only a few cents in India to five dollars in California: the produce value of labor (real wages) may be higher in one of these countries than the other; but to get something done requires the same outlay, measured in labor time, on both coasts of the Pacific—the advantage to the employer of low nominal wages is offset by the inefficiency of cheap labor—illustrated in India by the fact that caste rules make twenty times as many men necessary as if such rules did not exist—also by the high interest which the capitalist pays if he uses borrowed money, but sacrifices if he uses his own; and by other conditions which always appear in company. The Brassey's law of labor-cost is much at variance with a formula held up at one time by Ricardo's disciples as the best settled thing in political economy—that the capitalist's profits sustain an opposite ratio to nominal wages, rising as these fall and falling as they rise. It was, accordingly, disputed by Cairnes, the last person of much fame among Ricardians; but there is strong evidence in its favor aside from the high authority of the Brasseys upon a matter in which they have had so much experience, as against a dogma deductively arrived at from the questionable premise that product, less rent, divides into wages and profit. The prejudice against Brassey's law is, however, so strong, that we might be rash in treating it as settled without looking further into the whole conception of Distribution.

13. It is difficult to define this term without the viciously circuitous use of a tantamount, such as "share" or "division." But we may begin by understanding that Distribution is between productive laborers and some one else. This some one else, moreover, is not the class of unproductive laborers—actors, singers, teachers, preachers, lawyers, doctors, etc.—nor the class of women and children not productively employed. Whatever goes to any of these went first either to the productive laborers or the some one else whom we are seeking. Who, then, is this some one else? and how does he come to exist?

Why should there be any distribution? Why do not the productive laborers get all the product? Why are there any non-producers but those whom they choose to keep? The usual answer is that production could not rise above the lowest stage of savages' industry without the aid of Capital. Capital is defined as wealth employed to produce more wealth. It includes, therefore, all seed of cultivated plants; all food-animals which have been domesticated; all breeding and working cattle; all tools from the forked stick with which a Digger Indian excavates toads to an Atlantic cable or a Pacific railroad. There is a tolerable agreement, founded on the definition, that it does not include wealth in the process of unproductive consumption, as food in a private larder, horses kept for amusement, or dwellings; but it does include all dealer's stocks; for their sale increases the quantum of wealth. It also includes coined money; for this is a form of wealth used to increase wealth by facilitating exchange. Land, most economists do not include, on the ground that it is not wealth. For the same reason, slaves were not reckoned capital, except apologetically by some writers in slave-holding countries. And the economists generally are quite earnest in assuring us that choses in action, including bonds and bank notes, are not capital, though they may represent capital. Capital, or wealth employed to produce wealth, is accumulated, we are told, by saving. If it were consumed unproductively it would not produce wealth, and therefore would not be capital. Since a great part of the world's present daily and annual product is certainly derived from wealth employed in production, it is then just, and also inevitable, that those who by saving added to the sum of such wealth, should receive, for their abstinence, a reward, *viz.*, a share of the product, which is called the profits of capital;—what is left for labor being called Wages. A third share falls to owners of land, though they may be neither laborers nor capitalists, as follows. Men, seeking to gratify their desires with the least exertion, take up the best land first. To equal outlay, the inferior land will not, of course, yield as much. When, by improved methods, capitalists continue to

get their former usual rate of profit out of it, that is at the expense of the laborers, whose wages fall. This further cut from wages is realized also by the occupants of the best land,—who are at liberty to apply the improved methods,—and thus they still obtain a surplus over the gains of those cultivating the inferior land; which surplus is called Rent, because it is what a tenant might pay for use of the better land without making his position worse than if he squatted on the poorest used, which is assumed to yield no Rent. I have not taken this theory from any particular economist, but picked it out of their collected works as that having the best authority and logic; for in fact they differ a good deal. Some, to illustrate, call the gains of capital Interest, Wages of Superintendence, Assurance, *and* Profit—thus virtually saying that Interest is not part of Profit, which seems to me a mistake.[12]

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[12]Besides this objection to the analysis, Wages of Superintendence are merely wages, and no part of capital's gain, as such; for they might, and often do, fall to a factor who is not a capitalist. Neither is Assurance anything but a provision against loss; which does not benefit all capitalists, but only those who do not need it. Henry George's scheme is a modification of the fallacious analysis.

(To be continued)

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE GREAT DISCOVERY OF HENRY GEORGE. Henry Rawie, Cleveland, O.

WAR—WHAT FOR? George R. Kirkpatrick, West La Fayette, O.

PERSONALITY IN EDUCATION. James P. Conover. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

HISTORIC GHOSTS AND GHOST HUNTERS. H. Eddington Bruce. Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

JAHRBUCH DER FREIEN GENERATION. Pierre Ramus, Paris, France.

ASPECTO SOCIAL DE LA LUCHA CONTRA LA TUBERCULOSIS. Dr. Queralto, Barcelona, Spain.

FOR FREEDOM. Will Atkinson, Metropolitan Press, Seattle, Wash.

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DIE SIEBEN TODSUENDEN DER DEUTSCHEN GESELLSCHAFT. Bernard Rothmann, Leipzig, Germany.

OEUVRES. Ernest Coeurderoy. Vol. I. II. P. V. Stock, Paris, France.

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DIE TYRANNEI DER NOT. Libertarian. W. Schouteten, Bruxelles, Belgium.

PISNE PETRA BEZRUCE. Literární Kronžek, Chicago, Ill.

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